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BEFORE THE

LANCASTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 2, 1906.

THE FLIGHT OF AN EMPRESS.

MINUTES OF THE FEBRUARY MEETING.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

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By Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., LL.D.

THE FLIGHT OF AN EMPRESS.

The flight of the Empress Eugenie from Paris, and her subsequent escape to England, is probably the most romantic episode of the Franco-Prussian War. It will be remembered that when her husband, Napoleon III., departed for the seat of war,the Empress assumed the regency of France. For several weeks she ruled quietly, but then came the dreadful news of the defeat of the French Army at Sedan and the surrender of Napoleon. It is said that the Empress received the first information from Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, who warned her that she was personally in great danger. The city of Paris became excited, and a mob gathered around the Tuileries. In the palace everything was in confusion, and the howling multitude was not to be restrained. The crowd burst into the apartments of the Empress, and there can be no doubt that if they had found her there she would have been murdered. It was, however, found that she had disappeared, and for once the blood-thirsty proletariat was disappointed.

For some years the manner of the escape of the Empress remained a well-kept secret. It was popularly regarded as a mystery and curious legends began to gather around it. As a natural consequence the earliest published accounts of this event were full of confusion. The "American Cyclopaedia" (1879) says, for instance, that "the Empress fled at midnight accompanied by Metternich, the Italian Minister Nigra, the Countess Walewska, M. de Lesseps and her aged

secretary, Mme. Lebreton." All this now appears absurd. It is certain that the Empress would not have got very far if she had left the Tuileries accompanied by such a high and mighty company.

It was only by degrees that the true facts of the case came to be known. No doubt the persons who were immediately interested for personal reasons hesitated to publish all the particulars. Appleton's "Cyclopaedia of American Biography" (1887) briefly says that "the story is told in several ways," but that "it is generally accepted that the Empress was taken to the residence of Dr. Thomas W. Evans for refuge." "She was hurried into his carriage," it is said, "and driven beyond the walls of the city, while he held in front of her face an open newspaper which he was apparently reading." The "Cyclopaedia Americana" says, in the same connection, that "she was recognized only by a boy whose exclamation passed unnoticed." The latter statement may be founded on a doubtful story which we heard many years ago. It was said that when the Empress entered Dr. Evans' carriage a man recognized her and said, "That's the Empress!" Immediately the Doctor caught him by the throat and prevented him from saying more. The bystanders inquired "What did he say?" and the Doctor replied, "He said, Hurrah for the Prussians!" Then he whispered into the man's ear, "Run as fast as you can or they will tear you to pieces!" The fellow took his advice, and it was in this way that his exclamation remained unnoticed. We may add that this story is entirely without confirmation, and that it is probably one of the legends to which we have already referred.

It is only since the death of Dr. Evans that the particulars of this

marvellous episode have become generally known. In later life the Doctor wisely prepared a full account, which has recently appeared in a prominent magazine and is also preserved in a permanent volume. There is, however, an earlier account, written by his wife in the form of letters to an intimate friend in Lancaster, and it is this which I take pleasure in presenting on the present occasion. Though these letters contain many local allusions, they will for this reason be especially interesting; and for comparison with the Doctor's published account they will be found to be of permanent historical interest.

It is, we suppose, generally known that before Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the

Dr. Thomas W. Evans.

famous American dentist, removed to Paris, he resided for several years in Lancaster. It was here that he began to acquire the eminence which naturally led to his brilliant subsequent

career. In Lancaster he and his wife made many friends, to whom they remained closely attached during all the subsequent years; but among them all they were probably most intimate with Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Heinitsh. Dr. Heinitsh, as we all remember, was a man of talent, who enjoyed more than a local reputation in pharmacy and general science, and his wife was a woman of high culture. For many years Mrs. Evans maintained an intimate correspondence with Mrs. Heinitsh, who had been bridesmaid at her wedding, and whom she loved as a sister.

Mrs. Heinitsh died July 5, 1903, leaving no descendants. A few years before her death she suffered the present writer to take copies of the following letters, at the same time granting special permission for their publication after her decease. The writer has other letters, addressed by Mrs. Evans to Mrs. Heinitsh, but as containing an account of the flight from Paris of the Empress Eugenie, and of other events with which the name of Dr. Evans is most generally associated, it is believed that the following are possessed of unusual interest:

"Hastings, Sept. 21st, 1870.

"My Darling Friend: Here we are in England—fugitives from this fearful war. Our home desolated by this time, perhaps—we dare not think of it. We are safe for the time, leaving nearly everything of value in our house, as we could bring but few things, such as everyday clothing, a portion of our jewels and some silver, but paintings, statuary and all very valuable large articles are at the mercy of the mob or Prussians. Our horses are left—the coachman, man servant and cook are in the house, and protect it as much as they can.

The maid servant came with us—she is a Swiss, fortunately, and has not her home in France.

"We know not, and can not know, what Paris is doing—all communication being cut off for the present. I left Paris a month since for Deauville, a quiet bathing place in Normandy, about five hours from Paris. We heard such discouraging accounts of the French defeats and Prussians moving on Paris that most of us deemed it imprudent to remain in France. When news reached us of the downfall of the Empire and flight of the Empress there was a complete exodus of the French from Paris and her environs. As we were not far from Havre or Dieppe we choose the latter, as hundreds were rushing for Havre, the boats being unable to accommodate all. We have with us Dr. and Lydia Sharpless, who accompanied us to Deauville, remaining there until we all came here. On crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven—the distance of seven hours at sea—we were overtaken by a gale and had a fearful passage—our boat being tossed about unmercifully. The cabin was overcrowded by French refugees—I never pitied people so much in my life—families rushing away from their comfortable and luxurious homes with young children—abandoning nearly everything to save themselves from the dreaded Germans who are overrunning France in hordes. Normandy is the most prosperous and lovely part of France—one vast orchard of fruit when we crossed from Deauville to Dieppe. Alas! what will it be when this hateful war is ended. France is certainly paying dearly for her impolitic war—but was she to blame? I am sufficiently French to feel indignant at Prussia for marching on Paris. Justice called for a cessation of hostil-

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ities the moment the Emperor was taken—he and the King were the two duellists, and between them the fate of the two nations rested. God could never look upon so unjust a war and permit any one country to overcome so completely the other—there may be a heathen god of war, but not a Christian one. He looks upon and permits men to be thus punished, but he assists not in such destruction—however Prussia may think she is protected by heaven.

I never witnessed as now the frightful consequences of war—being too far removed from the field—now we are in the midst, seeing and hearing from the immediate sufferers. All the American families who could leave Paris have done so. Many residents have been compelled to leave their all, save a few articles of clothing. We shall most of us remain in England until we can return to France.

"I wish all letters for the present addressed to Langham Hotel, London. We shall make that our headquarters. I am now with dear Tom on a visit to Hastings, a lovely batning place on the sea—only two hours by rail from London. The Empress is also at this place with the young prince. I have seen her several times, and, oh! how differently from our former meetings —she has wept upon my neck and kissed me as a sister. I can scarcely believe I am not dreaming—but adversity makes us all equals.

"My dear husband's great attachment to the Imperial family has made it almost dangerous for him at present in Paris, where they are so reviled—and no one has been so faithful a friend as he in their downfall. How much it recalls to my mind the poor Duchess of Orleans' flight during the 1848 revolution. How implacable is the French republic! al-

ways so full of hatred and cruelty. While men live to make a republic of such material it can never be permanent—there must be order and moderation. The poor Empress would have been torn in pieces by the enraged mob had she not been rescued.

Mrs. Thomas W. Evans.

Of this most romantic flight I shall tell you at length some day. At present my husband thinks it prudent to say but little. When events are more quiet I will write you a full account if you do not learn it from our friends, the Sharplesses, for the return to America per Scotia, October 22, and will no doubt see Mrs. Ellmaker during the autumn.

"I regretted exceedingly to learn of Mrs. Hager's sudden death. Miss Sharpless had a letter from Mrs. Ellmaker some weeks ago, which informed her of this bereavement. Please give my deep sympathy to the family. How much she must be missed—she was such a lovely woman.

"Write to me, dearest Mollie, in my exile. I shall miss all letters sent to me during August, I suppose, as there is no possibility of their reaching Paris by the late mails.

"I have heard from home but once since my niece left. She sailed August 13th, and her first letter was forwarded me. We do not get papers or anything. This seems a solemn moment for all—even for those who have no interests at stake.

"The weather is most lovely—the sea almost motionless. The place is very beautifully situated, and,although a large town, it is as quiet as some country place. There are ten churches, of different denominations. The people appear happy and prosperous—the various churches are well supported, and the place itself must be a pleasant winter residence, I should think. It is well sheltered from the north winds by high cliffs, which are on one side, and the sea, facing south, on the other. To-day I am seated at a bay window in our private sitting room—looking upon the sea, which is brilliantly flashing in the sunlight. Small boats, filled with parties of ladies and children, passing and repassing, while myriads of fishing boats are visible in the distance. The drives are varied and most interesting—the Esplanade the finest I ever saw. You can drive for miles on the seaside—then turn into the country, where there are lovely, quiet cottages and churches, such as only England can afford. Such numbers of beautiful, rosy children I never saw at so small a place. Every step we come upon groups with their nurses—another product of England's surpassing all other nations in this respect. It is not rare to see five or six little girls, all dressed alike and varying

from two to ten years old, and one or two baby boys, all belonging to the same family—all looking blooming and healthy. I could not think of any spot more enjoyable than this for a few months' residence, if not a fugitive from our own comfortable home, but under present circumstances I must say I regret my own dear home and all its surroundings. But I was always too happy in it, and must now be thankful that I have had so many blessings and still enjoy enough. I only pray God to stay this war, that all France may not be devastated—the poor peasant deprived of his all. As it will require years to repair all the dire destruction done in Paris alone—if it is ever repaired—the destruction of private property alone is irreparable.

"Please give our love to all inquiring friends. I wrote you the 23rd of July—have not heard from you since. Good-bye. I hope my next letter will be dated Paris, though I hardly dare utter such a hope.

"Your ever sincere

"AGNES.

"Theodore and Fannie are in Switzerland. Their house was thought to be condemned, being outside the fortifications and opposite the Bois de Boulogne. They have had all their furniture removed to a place of safety—that is, if Paris is not bombarded, in which case all must go."

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4 Clarges Street,
Piccadilly, Oct. 20, 1870.

"My very dear friend: I was most grateful to receive your sweet letter, darling Mollie—it quite revived me in our exile. I have read and re-read it, feeling in each word so much true and sincere friendship—for I regard you

and dear Charles as the dearest of our earthly friends. You have always been firm to believe us to be unchanged. I also received the papers sent by dear Charles.

"Since I wrote to you last we have passed through a trying ordeal. I will try to give you some details of my dear husband's adventures, which have been attended with danger on every side, and you can judge how hard it is to see and hear such untruthful and cruel reports about him when he has ever been so upright and just, self-sacrificing and devoted to his true principles of right.

"When you see my friend Miss Sharpless (as I hope you may) she can tell you more than I can write. I know she will visit Mrs. Ellmaker, but when I can not say. Dr. Sharpless and Miss S. sail on Saturday next per Scotia—October 22d—the same steamer by which I mail this.

"On the memorable September 4th, the day of the proclamation of the French Republic, I, being at Deauville on the coast of France, expected my dear husband to join me as soon as he could leave his duties in Paris, which he was making his preparations to do. On that Sunday morning (for it was on Sunday) the whole of Paris was in revolution. My husband drove in to his office to see if all was safe. He was there with several other gentlemen—he had invited some friends whose wives were absent to dine at our house quite sociably—among whom was our clergyman, Rev. Mr. Samson, and his son George—who are connected with Thomas' Sanitary Society. These were assembled about 5 p. m. in our house. When my husband and his friend, Dr. Edward Crane (a surgeon in our army during the war) returned, our man servant told Thomas two ladies were anxious to see him—they had been waiting

since half-past two o'clock. He, not guessing at all who his guests were, went into our library, where they awaited him, and there to his amazement he beheld the Empress Eugenie and a lady friend—the only one near her in her hour of peril. Thomas was greatly puzzled when Eugenie besought him to save her. She then related what had really occurred. On the entrance of the Paris mob into the Palace she was not prepared to leave, nor had she any idea of doing so, but the Prince of Metternich and Count de Nigra both insisted she should. She resisted,telling them that General Trochu had told her not to leave the palace until they had reached her over his dead body; but the above-named gentlemen pushed her out of a door after having thrown over her shoulders a waterproof cloak—on her head a bonnet and in her hand she carried a small satchel containing a prayer book and a few nandkerchiefs—in this way she left the Palace, having the lady with her. They ran through the gallery leading on the court yard of the Louvre. There finding a hackney coach they drove to our house. It was then for Thomas to find means of getting her safely out of France. He at once consulted with his friend, Dr. C., who made all due apologies to the invited guests, as my husband could not explain to them the cause of his wishing to leave the city as soon as possible. They had to think and say what they chose. Thus it was a report became current that Thomas was in league with the Imperial family—had secreted plate and jewelry. How awful to say such fearful falsehoods against one who has always been loyal and honorable in all his actions! In those papers Charles sent I noticed a most false paragraph. Why will people invent to the detriment of

others' character? We did not even save our own silver, and certainly it never occurred to my husband to conceal, or aid in doing so, anything belonging to the Empress. She sought our house and his protection from an infuriated mob; we did not suppose she would be obliged to do anything of the kind, but at the moment of peril her friends at Court proved not to be her friends in need.

"Tuesday, Oct. 25th.

"It was for my husband to bear all that might be said evil—but what could he do—he has always been devoted to the Emperor because he has ever been treated kindly by him—but as to doing anything secret or dishonorable, never could Thomas be induced to such actions. He got the Empress out of Paris with our own horses and carriage as far as the former could go. When they left, which was at 4 in the morning of Monday, September 5th, they went safely to a country town outside St. Germain. There they assumed to be English people going to France—one of the ladies an invalid, who had to be carried from carriage to carriage. In this way the Empress was smuggled out of danger to where I was staying—Deauville, on the Norman coast. On reaching here, Tuesday, September 6, my husband came to my rooms. He looked pale and trembling—said he had the Empress in a carriage outside the Casino—a sort of garden attached to the hotel where I was. The carriage in which they then were was also a hackney coach. As all was very quiet in the hotel—for Deauville is a very quiet seaside place, only a few Americans and a very few Frenchmen in the hotel—my husband was able to conduct the Empress to my room without meeting any one. On reach-

ing this place of safety she thanked God and felt happy. I, of course, having only known her amidst court etiquette and luxury, could not at once think of her as anything but an Empress—but she appeared so humble and thankful I felt she was a woman like myself and threw aside all formality with her. She seemed full of heart and feeling, most interesting and lovely. She remained with me until Thomas went in pursuit of some method of getting to England. There was an English gentleman whose yacht lay at Deauville waiting fine weather to put to sea. To this gentleman Thomas applied, and, of course, it was accorded the illustrious fugitive to leave in the yacht at an early hour next morning. Until near midnight the Empress was in our rooms—no one in the hotel suspecting the fact—and next morning the yacht departed for England with my husband, Engenie and Mme. Le Breton, her lady companion. Our dear friend, Dr. Crane, returned to Paris to attend to my dear Thomas' sanitary business which this event forced [him] to abandon. Dr. C. is still in Paris—we receive [letters] occasionally from him by balloon or General Burnside. My husband encountered a heavy gale crossing over to England—they were 24 hours reaching Ryde. The Empress met her son at Hastings—from there I wrote you. I remained there two weeks, then came here. The Empress is near London in a quiet place and seems comparatively happy—she having her son with her—and hears frequently from her husband. Thomas has gone to visit the recent battlefields. He writes from Metz, which place is in a deplorable condition—illness and famine prevail. God grant Paris may be spared these! I expect him back in a few days—no doubt he will have much to recount to me.

"In our friend's letter from Paris, dated the 15th of October, received yesterday, October 24th, he says our dear home remains safe so far—the man servant and the cook remain on guard. How long this will be we cannot say. If bombardment takes place our house is exposed to being in ruins soon, as it is near the Bois de Boulogne. There are over 200 Americans shut up in Paris. They may be able to get out with Mr. Washburne—in any case they will be obliged to come without baggage. Those of us who are safely out are not any too well supplied. Many left without warm clothing, not thinking of being unable to return in a few weeks. It was not realized that Europe would see Paris sacrificed—nor can we think so yet—but, alas! to what a state must the city be reduced before we can return. It must be awful to see the destruction around that once lovely place—St. Cloud almost destroyed—the palace burned—Versailles more or less damaged. It will beggar description to give any idea of the ruin and desolation caused by this dreadful war.

"Theodore and Fannie are at Geneva, where Fannie's parents are—her father still a great sufferer. No doubt they will be obliged to go to Italy or some warm climate for him before next month. We may remain in London—I cannot say. I have a great many friends here, who, like ourselves, are fugitives, and we hope to return, but cannot say when, to our home in Paris. London climate is not agreeable, though so far it has not been very unpleasant. Like all European autumns, rain, sunshine and fog. My health so far has been very good here.

"I did not get this letter off by the

22nd. Our friends, the Sharplesses, sailed then. I was prevented by many interruptions to send you this before this week's mail. Please direct in future to the care of James W. Tacker, Banker, Bartholomew House, Bartholomew Lane, London—the letters will always reach us through Mr. Tacker's address. Though we have rooms pleasantly situated, near the Park, and very central, I do not know that we shall remain here all the time. There is nothing decided, for from day to day we always hope to be able to return to our dear Parisian home. Even if there were peace proclaimed,I fear Paris would scarcely be habitable for a long time—there must be great desolation everywhere around the poor city.

"Love to all our dear friends—let them know of our safety.

"I like your photograph very much, though you are not yourself without spectacles to me. Yet I thank you for the sweet likeness, if not quite as sweet as the original. Kiss little Charlie, and do not let him forget his auntie, who sent him for so many fans, little thinking they would ever come into possession of the Prussians with so many other valuable articles. A great deal of love for yourself and dear Charles, from

"Your ever attached,

"AGNES."

Minutes of the February Meeting.

Lancaster, Feb. 2, 1906.

The Lancaster County Historical Society met in regular session on on this (Friday) night in their room on the Young Men's Christian Association Building, President Steinman being in the chair.

The roll of officers was called by the Secretary and the absentees noted. On motion, the reading of the minutes of the January meeting was dispensed with.

Applications for membership were received from the following persons: H. L. Raub, Mrs. Annie R. Bosworth and Mrs. Lydia E. Martin, all of Lancaster. Under the rules, these applications lie over until the next meeting.

The donations to the Society consisted of a copy of Weem's "Life of Washington" and Church's "War With King Philip," both presented by Howard B. Gilgore; "Annals of Iowa for January, 1906," German-American Annals" for January, Franklin Calendar, Washington Calendar; a copy of Jefferson's Parliamentary Rules, donated by Monroe B. Hirsh, and a "Haus Sagen," printed at the Ephrata press in 1803, and beautifully framed by A. K. Hostetter. The thanks of the Society were extended to the donors for their acceptable gifts.

The paper of the evening was read by Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs. It was entitled the "Flight of an Empress," and gave a detailed account of the escape of the Empress Eugenie from Paris after the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon III. The account given was

mainly drawn from several letters written by the wife of Dr. Thomas W. Evans to Mrs. Charles A. Heinitsh, of this city, the two having been very intimate friends. The details were very minute and brought out some facts concerning that episode not generally known. The paper created much interest and was very favorably received. The thanks of the Society were extended to Dr. Dubbs, and it was ordered to be printed in the usual way. The discussion that followed brought out a number of other facts concerning the author of the letters and her Lancaster friends.

R. M. Reilly, from the Executive Committee, reported that body as having held a meeting under the instructions given it to prepare a new constitution and reporting progress. The report was received and the subcommittee continued.

Despite the cold weather, the meeting was unusually well attended, the room being filled to its utmost capacity, nearly one-half of those present having been ladies.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF WASHINGTON.*

You have courteously invited me to address you upon some aspect of the life of Washington. It need hardly be said that in this connection themes innumerable must necessarily suggest themselves. It might be natural to speak of Washington as a soldier, a statesman or a philanthropist; but such subjects have been so exhaustively treated by men of the highest eminence that even for this patriotic assembly they may be presumed to have lost a part, at least, of their original fascination. The same might perhaps be said of any aspect of the life of this great man that could possibly be suggested; but it has occurred to me that the purposes of this association are no less social than patriotic, and for this reason, if for no other, I have determined to speak of "The Social Life of Washington," a theme which brings us nearer to him than he appears in camp or court, and may, perhaps, enable us to gather some fragments of his history that the ordinary reader is apt to pass unnoticed.

It is related that one day when Washington Irving was a little boy there was great enthusiasm when the President entered New York. The boy's Scotch nurse lifted him above her head that he might see the object of all this rejoicing. "Why," exclaimed the boy, "he's nothing but a man."

*Paper read before the Donegal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on Wednesday, February 14, 1906, by Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., LL.D., and published in these proceedings by the Committee on Publications.

We, too, may be able to discover that the father of his country was a mere man—a man of his age with all its strength and weakness—but withal worthy of the admiration which has so freely been accorded him by subsequent generations.

In order to comprehend our subject it may be well briefly to consider the social conditions of America during the Colonial period. It is plain, we think, that American society was organized on distinctly English lines, and that in this respect the difference between the several colonies was more apparent than real. The early settlers of New England, it is true, have been described as intelligent yeomanry; but after all they had an aristocracy of their own. It was to some extent based on education and force of character, but birth and social station were by no means undervalued. The early ministers—men like Cotton, Hooker and the Mathers—were "leviathans of learning," but they also belonged to historical families, and it was the combination of these elements that made them the undoubted leaders of Church and State. There could be no greater disgrace than social ostracism; and one of the earliest punishments inflicted by a Massachusetts Court was to issue an order that a certain criminal should be deprived of the privilege of being called "Mister." Even royalty was hardly recognized as the highest source of honor. Sir William Phipps and Sir William Peperell had been made baronets, but they were not socially as highly esteemed as others who had no handle to their names. "The King," it was said, "might dub them Knights, but he could not make them gentlemen."

In the province of New York the old Dutch families easily accommodated themselves to the prevailing senti-

ment. Many of them, it is said, had been originally of humble extraction; but they had been richer than other settlers, to begin with, and 150 years of wealth and station had almost elevated them to the position of European nobles. This was especially true of the Dutch patroons, but there were men of British descent who were hardly less distinguished. Sir William Johnson maintained almost royal state on his domain of 100,000 acres, and through his Indian wife, Molly Brant, was the uncrowned King of the Six Nations.

In Pennsylvania the social system was less completely organized. The foremost place was, indeed, claimed by Colonial officials and their descendants, and to these were subsequently added the wealthy "Barbadoes" merchants of Philadelphia. In country districts were the so-called iron-masters who gathered around them a large number of dependents—miners, laborers, charcoal burners, and even tenant farmers who cultivated the land after it had been cleared of its forests. There were, of course, here and there, professional men of extraordinary ability and enterprise who commanded a certain degree of social influence, and the fact has rarely been forgotten by their descendants. The clergy were personages of great importance, and in Philadelphia the German ministers, as well as the English, wore cocked hats, and appeared on the streets arrayed in black gowns when on their way to church. In Eastern Pennsylvania, says Dr. Jacobs, the ministers of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches were practically barons. They were proud of their European education and naturally took the lead in an unlettered community. Many of them laid great stress on their descent, and

Michael Schlatter, of the Reformed Church, never issued a marriage certificate without impressing it with his coat of arms. With all this, the fact is evident that, as the Colonial history of Pennsylvania was much more brief than that of the provinces to the north and south, its social conditions during the Colonial period remained unsettled.

It was, of course, in Virginia that the social idea was most completely developed. The number of families which were in some degree connected with the ruling families of England was greater than in other colonies, and there was a certain splendid hospitality which was elsewhere unattainable. The pioneers had brought the social ideals of England across the ocean, and at the very beginning the lines between the social classes had been firmly and distinctly drawn.

It has been said that in Virginia only two sciences were studied, genealogy and heraldry. This statement is not strictly correct—neither subject was studied as a science—but it is true that the proofs of gentle blood were very highly esteemed.

That George Washington was a gentleman born has never been doubted. His father was a rich man, though at his death the estate was reduced by being divided between five children. The Washingtons, however, were not one of the foremost families of the Old Dominion. They had held no prominent Colonial offices; they knew of no distinguished relatives in the mother country; they remained attached to the soil, and cultivated habits of economy and frugality. George Washington's mother appears to have been a woman of great dignity, but she was plain in her tastes and manners. The early training of Washing-

ton was, indeed, of the highest character—it was, in fact, far better than any which he could have received at a royal court; but I can hardly suppose that his fondness for the company of those who occupied a higher social position was derived from the lessons which he had received at home.

There were, it would seem, in his nature certain peculiarities which from the beginning attracted the attention of men of influence and culture. He was a silent boy, as he was afterwards a silent man. It may seem almost absurd to ascribe dignity to a half-grown boy, and yet if the term could ever be used in this way it certainly could be properly employed in the case of Washington. What a splendid page he might have been at the court of some European monarch! Always obedient—performing his duties with absolute precision—and addressing his superiors, when this became necessary, with so much respect that the briefest speech appeared to involve a personal compliment. He had not many opportunities for advanced education, but such as he had he employed to the utmost. His favorite teacher, Thomas Williams, deemed it a pleasure to spend many extra hours with this promising pupil in teaching him the art of surveying. By methods, apparently known to himself alone, he studied grammar and style; so that, though he never mastered the minute formalities of language, he could write vigorously, and, in the main, correctly. He kept notebooks, in which he carefully entered every precious aphorism—every bit of unusual learning—that came in his way, and thus he became intellectually rich. Though he was generally silent, we may be sure that whenever it became necessary to speak he never used the wrong word. Withal, he

was eminently truthful. The stories with which we are all familiar were gathered or invented by Mason L. Weems, a rather worthless clergyman, who at a much later date claimed to be the rector at Mount Vernon. That George Washington was in many respects a precocious boy is not to be doubted. Before he was out of his teens he was regularly employed as a surveyor by Lord Fairfax, who owned extensive tracts of land in the western part of the province. His stature was unusual and his physical strength was said to be enormous. Necessarily thrown into the company of men of culture, he learned how to conduct himself in their society, though he was never "a knight of the ballroom;" he laid little stress on the minor amenities of social life, though he was always careful to say and do the proper thing. He could turn a compliment in the style of Addison, but it was rarely spontaneous. He was believed to be destitute of the sense of humor, but is said on reflection to have laugned heartily on remembering a story which he had previously heard without a smile. In brief, in an age which esteemed personal dignity as the highest accomplishment he possessed that quality in a pre-eminent degree.

To tell the story of the early life of Washington is not our present purpose. His trials and escapes—his heroism in the French and Indian war and the honors which were conferred upon him by the provincial government—are not all these things written at length in the history of his country? There was, however, in his life, as in that of most other people, an event of transcendent importance, which was, from a social point of view, decidedly more interesting. When it became known that Colonel Washington was to marry the rich, young widow, Mar-

tha Dandridge Custis, society was greatly excited. The subject was, of course, discussed from every possible point of view, and the general conclusion was reached that it was an ideal match. The Colonel was already famous, and was otherwise socially eligible, while the bride belonged to the *creme de la creme* of society, and was withal the richest heiress in the province. We do not know much concerning the preliminaries of the marriage, for the bride burned her love-letters in later years, perhaps, for the purpose of protecting the dignity which in such communications is apt to become strained. We have, however, full accounts of the wedding, which was one of the most brilliant ever held in Virginia. "The bridegroom wore a suit of blue cloth, the coat being lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimmings; his waistcoat was embroidered with white satin, his knee buckles were of gold and his hair was powdered. The bride was attired in white satin, a heavily corded white silk overdress, diamond buckles and pearl ornaments. The Governor, many members of the Legislature, British officers, and the neighboring gentry were present in full court dress. Washington's body-servant, Bishop, a tall negro, to whom he was much attached, and who had accompanied him on all his military campaigns, stood in the porch (of the church), clothed in the scarlet uniform of the royal army in the reign of George II. The bride and her three attendants drove back to the White House in a coach drawn by six horses, led by liveried postillions, Colonel Washington and an escort of cavaliers riding by its side."

The life of the Washingtons at Mount Vernon for the next fifteen years was very much like that of the higher classes in England. They kept

up a great establishment, but, as Mrs. Washington was an excellent manager, it is said that there was comparatively little waste. There were plenty of servants, and the table was abundantly furnished with guests, though it must be remembered that, as John Randolph said, there is a great difference between hospitality and familiarity. There were balls and receptions, and dignified ladies and gentlemen danced stately minuets, but, after all, this grandeur was but local, and must in time have become sufficiently tedious.

During the War of the Revolution there were in the camp seasons of trial and privation. Mrs. Washington visited her husband as often as possible, and patiently shared in the troubles of the times. Upham says that during the whole of the war the General was never known to smile. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that during this period the usages of good society were neglected. On the contrary, General Washington and all the members of his military family observed the strictest rules of etiquette. Thus, for instance, General Alexander—generally known as Lord Stirling, because he claimed to be the true heir to the earldom of that name—always insisted on being addressed as "My Lord," even by his superiors in military rank. European noblemen, like Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski, De Woedtke and Du Portail, gave tone to the society, and De Kalb, one of the bravest generals of the line—keeping well his secret that he was not really of aristocratic birth—was, perhaps,the most dignified and punctilious of them all.

Of course, the Revolution was too popular and comprehensive to be exclusively directed by a single class. Old Indian fighters once more buckled on their armor, and soon achieved a

celebrity of which they had never dreamed. Generals like Israel Putnam, James Reed and Nicholas Herkimer performed prodigies of valor, but would never have confessed that the pen is mightier than the sword. These men were, of course, treated with the greatest possible respect, but it must be confessed that they never belonged to the intimate social circle that gathered around the person of the commander.

When the war was over it was found that the ideals of society had greatly changed. Fame had opened doors which could never afterwards be closed. Room was more readily made for the new-comers, because many of the social leaders had left the country. Old Virginia, however, remained firmly attached to its ancient ideals. When Washington became President he deemed it his duty to magnify his office in every possible way. He seems to have feared that in the young republic, official station would be vulgarized, and that the people would lose respect for the man who had been chosen to conduct the affairs of State. When it was doubted by what title the President should be addressed, Washington declared himself in favor of "Your High Mightiness," the words used in Holland in approaching the Stadtholder. The phrase was, however, rejected, as being too grandiloquent, and the more moderate term, "Your Excellency," was made to take its place.

We have read about the republican court of George Washington, but often fail to realize how closely it imitated the customs of European royalty. Higginson tells us that when the President rode to the sessions of Congress he went in a State-coach, of which the body was in the shape of a hemisphere, cream-colored, bordered with flowers 'round the panels, and orna-

mented with figures representing cupids and supporting festoons. On great occasions the coach was drawn by six horses, on ordinary occasions by four, and on Sundays by two only. The driver, footmen and outriders wore liveries of white and scarlet.

During his Presidency, Washington was careful to invite to dine all who might have claims on his hospitality. There were also weekly receptions, and these the members of Congress were expected to attend in regular order. The invitations were neatly engraved, and sealed in wax with the family arms of the President. To be invited to these receptions was regarded as a great honor, but Gouverneur Morris has recorded his impression that they were the most dreary functions that could possibly be imagined. "The President, arrayed in black velvet, with silver buckles on his knees, stood before the open fireplace and received his visitors like a demigod, never shaking hands or entering into familiar conversation."

It can hardly be said that Washington was successful in establishing a permanent social standard. A new party was coming to the front which insisted that great harm was done by the imitation of customs that prevailed in foreign countries. Washington himself did not escape severe criticism, but so far as we know he never changed his mind. He believed—as many others have believed since his day—that the greatest danger that besets a republic consists in the breaking of grand ideals. There is but a short step between vulgarity and crime, and a people which has lost respect for earthly dignities is only too apt to turn away from those which are heavenly.

Washington was a grand personality, but he was not exempt from human weakness. In the course of

time he has become to most of us a splendid ideal rather than a historic personage. As Stuart, the painter, glorified his features, so his biographers have idealized his life. Possibly he was too hard and cold to have many intimate friends, and his dignity might be less impressive now than it was in the days of his Presidency. There were, however, certain facts in his social relations which all succeeding generations should keep in memory. If society in the days of Washington was too dignified to be universally acceptable it can at least be confidently said that it was not foolish. It was not the period of shallow compliments and superficial graces. We appreciate the value of social enjoyment—there must be a place for amusements in every community, and without it life would hardly be worth living. There is, however, a nobler purpose in social life; it consists of the development of the higher qualities of our nature until they reach the greatest excellence of which they are susceptible. Our object is, in scriptural language, "That our sons may be as plants in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

Another peculiarity of social life in the days of Washington was the keen sense of honor by which it was constantly pervaded. It may be that men were sometimes led to punctilious extremes, but, after all, there was a universal feeling that

"Good name in man and woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

Wealth and station were esteemed, as they deserved to be, but there was no temptation to condone the moral delinquencies of a millionaire. Social position was a treasure which money

could not buy. In this respect, at least, the social life of Washington presents us an example that cannot be too highly esteemed.

Study that period as closely as we may, we find no signs of decadence. Its tendency was upwards and onwards towards the realization of a grand ideal. To what extent it has been realized let others tell. We have traveled far, and the dust of the way is clinging to our feet; but in our social life. no less than in political, we still behold before us and above us the immortal form of Washington.

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